

## SOCIETY CHRONICLES

JULIA MURDOCK'S  
THEATER GOSSIP

## SANDMAN STORIES

Invitations Sent Out  
For Diplomatic Dinner

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MISS ELOISE STUART ORME,  
Who Makes Her Debut to Society  
Today.

Miss Eloise Stuart Orme will make her debut at a large tea this afternoon which her mother, Mrs. William B. Orme, is giving at her residence in Georgetown from 4:30 until 6 o'clock.

Southern smiles, pinks, ferns, and clusters of poinsettia blossoms and red roses have been used to decorate the house for the occasion, and a string orchestra will play throughout the afternoon.

Mrs. Orme will receive the guests in a gown of black charmeuse with touches of white, and the debutante will wear a gown of shell pink satin draped with white lace.

Mrs. Craigie, Mrs. Peck, an aunt of the debutante; Mrs. Downs Wilson, and Mrs. James L. Marshall, will preside in the dining room. Mrs. Sever will serve punch. Assisting in receiving the guests and dispensing the hospitalities of the afternoon will be Miss Dorothy Rhorer, Miss Annie Elliott Pennebaker, Miss Anne Blackwood, Miss Hannah Malher, Miss Juliet Parke, Miss Evelyn De Lauchmott, Miss Dorothy Leech, Miss Dorothy Talcott, Miss Ruth Anderson, Miss Dorothy Deobie, Miss Alice Dwyer, Miss Julia Vail, Miss Loretta Smith, Miss Mary Lee Fleming, Miss Nellie Williams, Miss Helen McCumber, Miss Nellie Davidson, Miss Charlotte Dorsey, Miss Katherine White, and Miss Ruth Wheaton.

After the tea the assistants will all attend the hop at the navy yard.

Mrs. Richards, wife of Dr. Theodore W. Richards, of the navy, entertained at luncheon today, followed by bridge.

Mrs. Fanniss Taylor and daughter, Mrs. Reid Hunt, are entertaining at twelve tables of bridge this afternoon in compliment to Mrs. Taylor's daughter-in-law, Mrs. Charles Taylor, of Mobile, Ala., who is spending a month in Washington. After the cards tea will be served. Miss Calve and Miss Calderon will preside at the table, which will be adorned with holly and poinsettia blossoms.

The commandant of the Marine Barracks and Mrs. Biddle entertained at dinner last evening at their quarters, having as their guests, Senator and Mrs. James A. Reed of Missouri, Congressman S. A. Witherspoon of Mississippi, Rear Admiral Charles J. Badger, U. S. N., and Mrs. Badger, Colonel Karmann, U. S. M. C., and Mrs. Karmann, of Norfolk, Va.; Mrs. David Porter, Miss Eleanor Bryan, and Dr. Joseph H. Bryan.

## Personal Mention

Miss Clara Toombs, daughter of State Representative John D. Toombs, of Clayton, N. C., was married to Morgan P. Harvey, formerly of Washington, but now of Clayton, N. C., at noon yesterday at her home in New Mexico. Upon their return from a wedding trip through Texas, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey will be at home after January 15, in Clayton, N. C.

Mr. Harvey is the son of Mrs. Marion F. Harvey and the late Charles Harvey, of Washington.

Mrs. Marguerite Leroy, of Paris, is spending the holidays in Washington with Mrs. Marcia B. Brady, at the Wallis.

Miss Helen Davidson, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. William M. Davidson, is home from Vassar, where she is a student in her junior year, to spend the holidays.

Cards have been sent out by Miss Mary Minix for January 1, from 5 until 7 o'clock at her residence, 3428 Thirtieth street. With Miss Minix will be Miss Ballinger, Miss Minix Ballinger, Miss Johnson, Miss Stuck, Miss Helen McCumber, Miss Gertrude Carpenter, Miss Helen Durbin, and Miss Peggy Strawn.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Backenheimer announce the marriage of their daughter, Miss Edith Bewick Backenheimer, to Edward Leonard Mann on Thursday, December 19, at 3 o'clock at their home, 605 Sixth street northeast. The Rev. John T. Huddle, of St. Paul's English Lutheran Church, performed the wedding ceremony.

Mrs. Wash B. Williams announces the marriage of her granddaughter, Miss Jane E. Williams to Roscoe Conkling Bangs. The wedding took place at noon today in Baltimore.

Mr. and Mrs. Bangs will spend a fortnight in Atlantic City and upon their return will be at home at 1438 Highland terrace.

Julia Murdock Gets Stage People's Views On  
Women's Rights to Share in Money and SuffrageMiss Margaret Langhorne  
Believes in Riffing Husband's Pockets.

Has a woman a right to go through her husband's pockets while he isn't looking?

An actress who is to pay Washington a visit next week decides this question. Has a wage earning woman a right to vote?

An actor who will also be a Washington visitor gives pronounced views in the affirmative on this burning question which is disturbing many friends, and keeping many women from darning their husbands' socks.

Miss Margaret Langhorne, the statuesque beauty who is to be at the Academy Theater next week, appearing in "The Shepherd of the Hills," having made a close and careful study of human nature, tells the following incident, which has brought her to the decision that single life, as long as she is able to tuck away a nice, fat salary each week, appears more strongly to her than wedded bliss, and the precarious question of support.

A single and a married woman were riding in a street car.

"I naturally took no part in the conversation," said Miss Langhorne, "nevertheless I was an amused and interested listener, and I had my opinions on the subject, even though I had no right to voice them. I did make one timid attempt to speak, but was met with a chorus of 'You don't know what you're talking about.' You are an independent woman, and don't have to ask a man for every cent you spend, so I kept silent and meditated thankfully upon my lofty and independent state."

"The one matron sadly concluded that she had no right, however great the temptation, to rifle the pockets of her Lord and Master. The other was a spirited little woman, who stoutly maintained that if the husband was not generous in money matters, the wife had a right to help herself."

"Any woman," she argued, who is a good wife and a capable housekeeper, does her share towards building up the family fortune, and she should have her share of the proceeds. I know of a man who has gone to the club and always takes too much to drink. When he comes home his wife empties his pockets, and I think she is perfectly right to do so."

Clubs spend more than wives. "It doesn't conjure up a very pretty picture," said Miss Langhorne—the single woman—when asked to keep her hands off her husband's pockets, does it? I don't know."

In the late afternoon with the Rev. and Mrs. Herbert Shipman. Among the out-of-town guests were Mr. and Mrs. Wagstaff, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Bageant, Miss Sue Dresser, Miss Angela Brown, Mrs. Tinker, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Phelps, and Mrs. Thomas Codrington. Mr. and Mrs. Irving Brook, Miss Margaret Andrews, and Miss Julia Robbins. About four hundred additional guests, including those from official, diplomatic service and residents, came in afterward for the dancing.

The Marine Band and Europe's Coon Band of New York, famous for its modern music, played during the evening. Mrs. Bradley received her guests in a handsome gown of gold brocade trimmed with rare old Venetian lace and touches of sable. Her jewels were diamonds and pearls.

The new Senator from Maryland and Mrs. Jackson, who have been guests at the New Willard since their arrival in Washington, have taken the house at 2131 Massachusetts avenue for the season.

Congressman Harry D. Ferguson, of New Mexico and Mrs. Ferguson have taken the house at 2121 Q street for the season.

Miss Helene Hoffa, of 1 street, is spending several weeks in New York with her aunt, Mrs. J. Kohler.

Miss Natalie Mayer will have as her guest during the holidays, her cousin, Miss Mildred Blout, of New York.

Mrs. Norton J. Luchs and Mrs. Sylvan Bensinger will be at home Sunday evening from 8 to 11 o'clock at 2844 Connecticut avenue, in honor of their house guests, Miss Helen Rosenberg, of Norfolk, Va., and Miss Helen Levi, of Brooklyn.

Miss Elizabeth Farber has returned after spending the past few months in Chicago with her parents.

Mrs. Behrend, of the Octavia, is spending several weeks in Baltimore with relatives.

Mrs. S. Freshie and daughter, Mrs. Carrie Rothchild, who have been visiting Mrs. Harry Kaufman, of Columbia road, returned to their home in Philadelphia during the week.

Miss Dorothy Oettinger, of Thirteenth street, is spending a few days in Baltimore.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel S. Kallisher will be at home at 1222 Clifton street, after January 1.

Miss Dorothy Gieff, of Mt. Pleasant street, left today to visit relatives in Baltimore.

Cards have been received in Washington, announcing the engagement of Mr. and Mrs. S. Galecki, of Richmond, to Louis Michaels, of New York City, at



JOHN DREW.

but that under such circumstances the wife had the right to do so. The average club man spends far more on himself than he is willing to allow his wife to spend on herself.

"Any woman," she argued, who is a good wife and a capable housekeeper, does her share towards building up the family fortune, and she should have her share of the proceeds. I know of a man who has gone to the club and always takes too much to drink. When he comes home his wife empties his pockets, and I think she is perfectly right to do so."

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clothing, linens, etc.  
Keeps hands clean and  
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then ask their husbands for money. Sometimes the man awakens to the fact that his wife is shabbily dressed, and he magnificently hands her a small sum of money with the air of conferring the greatest boon upon her. She feebly takes it in the spirit in which it is given, and as though she could say, "Thanks, Oh King, for this great honor shown me, your poor unworthy slave."

"When I see that kind of married life, I curl myself up contentedly and murmur: 'For independence many thanks, and at such times I agree with the wife, housekeeper, good manager, and caterer to his comfort. It seems rather an unequal partnership. It is outrageous that a woman should have to humbly beg for money that is half hers by right. It is far better that the wife should have an allowance in keeping with her husband's income."

"I know women who go shabby rather than ask their husbands for money."

John Drew has views on suffrage. And now enters John Drew, the "perplexed husband." In a suffrage play, who avers that his views on suffrage are liberal.

Upon a day when the suffragettes were running rampant in New York, I went to interview Mr. Drew, and one of the first things I asked of this Chesterfield of the stage was:

"How do you feel about the suffrage question?"

"I believe that there should be some representation for the woman property owner. I am in sympathy with the movement." He was thoughtful in his reply, which made me think that he was in earnest in what he said.

Then I asked him what play he liked the best, and his answer was somewhat of a mystery to me, for, instead of mentioning any of the plays in which he has been successful, he said:

"The Taming of the Shrew."

Like all actor people, Mr. Drew's ambition is to play Shakespeare. "I should like to put on 'Much Ado About Nothing,'" he confided to me.

His Dressing Room is Model of Comfort. It's a comfortable, well-ordered dressing room into which Mr. Drew's visitors are ushered, for if there is one thing in the world in which Mr. Drew is a crank, it is his dressing room. It has rows of neat nail files, brushes, and make-up boxes arranged systematically on the table in front of the mirror. There is always a clock ticking away in the small world in which Mr. Drew lives when at work. Mr. Drew is a polite host, and his manners are drawing room manners, wherever he is found.

When one begins to think of how many times in the course of his long stage career Mr. Drew has been compelled to answer questions from interviewers, one wonders how he can endure being interviewed at all. Then when one thinks upon the many years he has been a name "well known" on the stage, and how unparliamentary he looks, one is apt to blurt out the question, "How do you manage to keep so young, Mr. Drew?"

He smiles through the clear smoke. Then he answers, and his answer is from Shakespeare.

Remember Adam's speech in "As You Like It": "Never in my youth did I apply hot and rebellious liquors to my blood."

"That's my secret," says Mr. Drew. "Also," he continues, "I have the habit of exercise. A man is all right as long as he can keep his hair on, and his stomach off."

Which, it might be added, is a pretty good rule for anyone to follow. And by the way, here's a secret. Mr. Drew has promised to play Santa Claus on Christmas Day to the St. Nicholas Girl's little army of children to whom she is going to distribute Christmas gifts.

JULIA MURDOCK.

John Drew Agrees to Play  
Santa Claus for St.  
Nicholas Girl.

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For The Times' Children  
Just Before It's Bedtime

## THE THREE-EYED GIANT.

GANT was not like most giants. Most giants, you know have only one eye, but Gant had three—two where you and I have eyes, and one right in the middle of the back of his head. This third eye, however, was up by his hair, so nobody knew it was there, but the hair did not keep Gant from seeing.

One day Gant was sitting on a boulder in the sun eating his lunch. He had just eaten an elephant and an alligator, and was commencing to eat his desert, a mountain of strawberry ice-cream, when he stopped suddenly. In fact, that he spilled a spoonful of the ice-cream, and it melted and drowned a hungry fox that was standing near by.

"Come here quick," shouted the giant in a dreadful voice.

Now, a one-eyed giant, or even an ordinary two-eyed giant would not have known there was anybody around. But you see, Gant did know, so he shouted again, this time in an even more dreadful voice.

"Come here this second, or I'll eat you alive."

Of course, nobody wants to be eaten alive, so the Thing that Gant saw came from behind his back. And what do you suppose it was. Nothing but a thin, very much-scared Jack rabbit.

"Oh! please Mr. Giant," said Jack Rabbit, "don't eat me, for I have four babies to feed, and Mrs. Jack Rabbit is sick."

Gant leaned down so close to Mr. Rabbit that the poor little rabbit was almost scared to death. Then the giant sat up straight and laughed. He laughed so hard and so long that the ice-cream began to melt badly, and Mr. Jack had to move away to keep from being drowned by the fox.

"Eat you," roared the giant, good-naturedly. And he began to laugh again until he almost choked. "But never mind," said the giant, "you are just about the right size for my pet. It wasn't a real canary, you know, but a great big hawk."

Poor Mr. Jack Rabbit began to tremble again, and cried to the giant.

"Oh! please, Mr. Giant, let me live."

But when the giant woke up, he decided to keep Mr. Jack for his back scratcher, and so Mr. Jack brought his family, and lived happily ever after. But the giant did even more than that. He was so kind that he had nothing to do with ability, so, after that, he only ate animals that either could not do anything or were so lazy they would not.



Nothing but a very thin, much-scared Jack Rabbit.

If you will only spare me I'll work for you the rest of my life."

"Ho, ho, ho," laughed the giant. "What could you do for me?"

For a long time Mr. Jack Rabbit sat thinking, for, you see, he loved his wife and little bunny-kins very much and did not want to die. Finally he said to the giant that he was fine at scratching. At first the giant laughed, then he stopped and looked at Mr. Jack a long time. When he had finished his lunch he was sleepy, so he lay down. Then he said to Mr. Jack:

"You see, if you are so good at scratching," and as he spoke he picked Mr. Jack up and put him on his shoulder. Now, Mr. Jack had not thought of anything like this, and he was so scared he began to scratch without knowing what he was doing.

"Fine," said the giant. "You were right. Now, scratch my other shoulder." So Mr. Jack scratched, and the giant stretched himself out and he soon snoring. But, unfortunately for Mr. Jack, he had gotten tangled in the giant's beard and so could not run away.

But when the giant woke up, he decided to keep Mr. Jack for his back scratcher, and so Mr. Jack brought his family, and lived happily ever after. But the giant did even more than that. He was so kind that he had nothing to do with ability, so, after that, he only ate animals that either could not do anything or were so lazy they would not.

CHOICE OF BRIDES  
DECIDED BY LOT

Brothers Go to Belgium, Meet Sisters, and Double Wedding Follows.

NEW YORK, Dec. 21.—A double romance of the mails arrived on the Vandalia, from Antwerp, in the persons of two bridegrooms, brothers, who look and dress alike, and two brides, sisters, likewise resembling one another and garbed in similar style.

The brothers were Gaston and George Potmann, and the sisters, Georgette and Lea Potmann, nee Terwagne, all were born in Belgium, and they are on their way to the ranches of the brothers near Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada.

Through a sister of the brothers the friendships between the young husbands and wives began a year ago.

Through an introduction by letter, sent by Miss Potmann to her brothers, a correspondence began between Brussels and Saskatchewan, and the girls dared the cowboys to come back to Brussels to visit them.

Two straw were prepared. Gaston drew the longer straw and Georgette the taller sister, and George the shorter one and Lea, the shorter sister. Gaston drew the longer straw and Georgette the taller sister, and George the shorter one and Lea, the shorter sister. Gaston drew the longer straw and Georgette the taller sister, and George the shorter one and Lea, the shorter sister.

Capital Students Win Harvard Prizes. Frank Howard Beall and Cleveland Perkins, of this city, have won scholarships at Harvard University. The former is a member of the senior class, and has been awarded the scholarship founded by Francis Bassett. The latter, of the sophomore class, has won a Harvard College scholarship.

NIECE OF WILSON  
IS AN ACTRESS

Married to Favorite Nephew of President-Elect, Who Is College Professor.

President-elect Wilson's niece by marriage, Mrs. George H. Howe, has been on the stage for three months at Margaret Howe, starting on the road with Mme. Nazimova in "The Marionettes" after obtaining her position without using fan letters or letters of introduction. When Nazimova went into "Bell's Donkey" in New York there was no place for Mrs. Howe.

She is the wife of Prof. George Howe, of the University of North Carolina, the favorite nephew of Woodrow Wilson. The professor, agreeing with his wife that the stage offered an honorable profession, so following out a natural bent she adopted it.

In getting her engagement for one night stands, Mrs. Howe did not inform the professor of her relationship to the company concerning her relationship to the President-elect. Her name went on the program as "Miss" so she will retain that title. At present she is considering several offers while she is having voice training under Dr. Franklin Lawson at New York.

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